

THE
TOY-SHOP.

A 1486e23

Dramatick Satire,

To which is added,

BEAUTY:

OR, THE

Art of Charming.

A

P O E M.

Both by ROBERT DODSLEY.

LONDON:

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T. O. Y. S. H. O. P.



To which is added

B. E. A. U. T. Y.

OF THE

Art of Channing.

B. O. C. M.

and of the History of the

of the

of the



EPILOGUE.

WELL, Heav'n be prais'd, this dull grave Sermon's
done,

(For faith our Author might have call'd it one)

I wonder who the Devil he thought to please!

Is this a Time o' Day for Things like these?

Good Sense and honest Satire now offend;

We're grown too wise to learn, too proud to mend.

And so divinely wrapt in Songs and Tunes,

The next wise Age will all be — Fiddlers Sons.

And did he think plain Truth wou'd Favour find?

Ah! 'tis a Sign he little knows Mankind!

To please, he ought to have a Song or Dance,

The Tune from Italy, the Caper France:

These, these might charm — But hope to do't with Sense!

Alas, alas, how vain is the Pretence!

But, tho' we told him, — Faith 'twill never do.

Pho, never fear, he cry'd, tho' grave, 'tis new:

The Whim, perhaps, may please, if not the Wit,

And, tho' they don't approve, they may permit.

If neither this nor that will intercede,

Submissive bend, and thus for Pardon plead.

“Ye gen'rous few, to you our Author sues,

“His first Essay with Candour to Excuse.

“'Twas Faults, he owns, but, if they are but small,

“He hopes your kind Applause will hide them all.

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

Master of the Shop,

1 }
2 } Gentleman,
3 }
4 }

Beau,

1 }
2 } Old Man,

Mr. *Chapman.*

Mr. *Bridgewater.*

Mr. *Wignell.*

Mr. *Hallam.*

Mr. *Hale.*

Mr. *Neale.*

Mr. *James.*

Mr. *Hippesley.*

WOMEN.

1 }
2 } Lady,
3 }
4 }

Mrs. *Bullock.*

Miss *Norfa.*

Mrs. *Mullart.*

Miss *Bincks.*



T H E



T H E
TOY-SHOP.

SCENE *a Parlour. A Gentleman and
two Ladies drinking Tea.*

Gentleman.



AND you have never been at this extraordinary Toy-shop, you say, Madam?

1 *La.* No, Sir: I have heard of the Man, indeed; but most People say, he's a very impertinent, silly Fellow.

Gent. That's because he sometimes tells them of their Faults.

1 *La.* And that's sufficient. I should think any Man impertinent that should pretend to tell me of my Faults, if they did not concern him.

Gent. Yes, Madam. But People that know him take no Exceptions. And really, tho' some may think him impertinent, in my Opinion, he's very entertaining.

2 *La.* Pray, who is this Man you're talking of? I never heard of him.

Gent.

Gent. He's one who has lately set up a Toy-shop, Madam, and is, perhaps, the most extraordinary Person in his Way that ever was heard of. He is a general Saytrist, yet not rude nor ill-natur'd. He has got a Custom of moralizing upon every Trifle he sells, and will strike a Lesson of Instruction out of a Snuff-Box, a Thimble, or a Cockleshell.

1 La. Is n't he craz'd?

Gent. Madam, he may be call'd a Humourist; but he does not want Sense I do assure you.

1 La. Methinks I should be glad to see him.

Gent. I dare say you will be very much diverted. And if you'll please to give me Leave, I'll wait on you. I'm particularly acquainted with him.

2 La. What say you, Madam, shall we go?

1 La. I can't help thinking he's a Coxcomb; however, to satisfy Curiosity, I don't care if I do.

Gent. I believe the Coach is at the Door.

2 La. I hope he wont affront us.

Gent. He wont designedly, I'm sure, Madam.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *changes to the Toy-Shop, the Master standing behind the Counter looking over his Books.*

Mastr. Methinks I have had a tolerable good Day of it To-day. A Gold Watch, five and thirty Guineas — Let me see [*Turning to another Book backwards and forwards.*] — What did that Watch stand me in? — Where is it? O here — Lent to Lady Bassot eighteen Guineas upon her Gold Watch. Ay, she died and never redeem'd it — A Set of old China, five Pounds. — Bought of an Old Cloaths Man for five Shillings. Right. — A curious Shell for a Snuff box, two Guineas. — Bought of a poor Fisher-boy for a Half-penny. Now, if I had offer'd that Shell for Six-pence, no body would have bought it. Well, Thanks to the whimsical Extravagance and Folly of Mankind, I believe from these childish Toys and gilded

gilded Baubles I shall pick up a comfortable Maintenance. For, really as it is a trifling Age, so nothing but Trifles are valued in it. Men read none but trifling Authors, pursue none but trifling Amusements, and contend for none but trifling Opinions. A trifling Fellow is preferr'd, a trifling Woman admir'd. Nay, as if there were not real Trifles enow, they now make Trifles of the most serious and valuable Things. Their Time, their Health, their Money, their Reputation are trifled away. Honesty is become a Trifle, Conscience a Trifle, Honour a mere Trifle, and Religion the greatest Trifle of all.

Enter the Gentleman and the two Ladies.

Mast. Sir, your humble Servant, I'm very glad to see you.

Gent. Sir, I am yours. I have brought you some Customers here.

Mast. You are very good, Sir. What do you please to want, Ladies?

1 La. Please to want! People seldom please to want any thing, Sir.

Mast. O dear Madam, yes; I always imagine when People come, into a Toy-shop, it must be for something they please to want.

2 La. Here's a mighty pretty Looking-glass: Pray, Sir, what's the Price of it?

Mast. This Looking-glass, Madam, is the finest in all England. In this Glass a Coquet may see her Vanity and a Prude her Hypocrisy. Some fine Ladies may see more Beauty than Modesty, more Airs than Graces, and more Wit than Good-nature.

1 La. He begins already.

[Aside.

Mast. If a Beau was to buy this Glass, and look earnestly in it, he might see his Folly almost as soon as his Finery. 'Tis true, some People may not see their Generosity in it, nor others their Charity, yet it is a very clear Glass. Some fine Gentlemen may not see their Good-manners in it perhaps, nor some Parsons their Religion, yet it is a very clear Glass.

Glas. In short, tho' every one that passes for a Maid should not happen to see a Virgin in it, yet it may be a very clear Glas, you know, for all that.

2 La. Yes, Sir, but I did not ask you the Virtues of it, I ask'd you the Price.

Mast. It was necessary to tell you the Virtues, Madam, in order to prevent your scrupling the Price, which is five Guineas, and for so extraordinary a Glas, in my Opinion, it is but a Trifle.

2 La. Lord, I'm afraid to look in it, methinks, lest it shou'd shew me more of my Faults than I care to see.

1 La. Pray, Sir, what can be the Use of this very diminutive piece of Goods here?

Mast. This Box, Madam? In the first Place, it is a very great Curiosity, being the least Box that ever was seen in England.

1 La. Then a very little Curiosity had been more proper.

Mast. Right, Madam. Yet, would you think it, in this same little Box a Courtier may deposite his Sincerity, a Lawyer may screw up his Honesty, and a Poet may — hoard his Money.

Gent. Ha, ha, ha, I will make a Present of it to Mr. Stanza for the very same Purpose.

2 La. Here's a fine Perspective. Now I think Madam, in the Country these are a very pretty Amusement.

Mast. O, Madam, the most useful and diverting things imaginable either in Town or Country: The Nature of this Glas, Madam (pardon my Impertinence in pretending to tell you what to be sure you are as well acquainted with as myself) is this. If you look thro' it at this End every Object is magnify'd, brought near, and discern'd with the greatest Plainness; but turn it the other Way, do you see, and they are all lessen'd, cast at a great Distance, and render'd almost imperceptible. Thro' this End it is that we look at our own Faults, but when other People's are to be examin'd, we are ready enough to turn the other. Thro' this End are view'd all the Benefits and Advantages we at any Time receive from others; but if ever we happen to confer any, they are sure to be shown in their greatest Magnitude thro' the other. Thro' this we en-
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viouſly darken and contract the Virtue, the Merit, the Beauty of all the World around us; but fondly compliment our own with the moſt agreeable and advantageous Light thro' the other.

2 *La.* Why, Sir, methinks you are a new Kind of a fatirical Parſon, your Shop is your Scripture, and every Piece of Goods a different Text, from which you expoſe the Vices and Follies of Mankind in a very fine allegorical Sermon.

Maſt. Right, Madam, right; I thank you for the Simile. I may be call'd a Parſon indeed, and am a very good one in my way. I take delight in my Calling, and am never better pleaſed than to ſee a full Congregation. Yet it happens to me as it does to moſt of my Brethren, People ſometimes vouchſafe to take home the Text perhaps, but mind the Sermon no more than if they had not heard one.

1 *La.* Why, Sir, when a ſhort Text has more in it than a long Sermon, it's no wonder if they do.

Enter a third Lady.

3 *La.* Pray, Sir, let me look at ſome of your little Dogs.

2 *La.* Little Dogs! My Stars! How cheaply ſome People are entertain'd! Well, it's a Sign human Converſation is grown very low and inſipid, whiſt that of Dogs and Monkeys is preferr'd to it. [*Aside.*]

Maſt. Here are very beautiful Dogs, Madam, theſe Dogs when they were alive were ſome of them the greateſt Dogs of their Age. I don't mean the largeſt, but Dogs of the greateſt Quality and Merit.

1 *La.* I love a Dog of Merit dearly; has not he a Dog of Honour too, I wonder. [*Aside.*]

Maſt. Here's a Dog now that never eat but upon Plate or China, nor ſet his Foot but upon a Carpet or a Cuſhion. Here's one too, this Dog belong'd to a Lady of as great Beauty and Fortune as any in England; he was her moſt intimate Friend and particular Favourite; and upon that Account has receiv'd more Compliments, more Reſpect, and more Addreſſes than a Firſt Miniſter of State. Here's

B

another

another which was, doubtless, a Dog of singular Worth, and great Importance; since at his Death one of the greatest Families in the Kingdom were all in Tears, receiv'd no Visits for the Space of a Week, but shut themselves up and mourn'd their Loss with inconsolable Sorrow. This Dog while he liv'd, either for Contempt of his Person, Neglect of his Business, or saucy impertinent Behaviours in their Attendance on him, had the Honour of turning away upwards of thirty Servants. He died at last of a Cold caught by following one of the Maids into a damp Room, for which she lost her Place, her Wages, and her Character.

3 *La.* O the careless wicked Wretch! I would have had her try'd for Murder at least. That, that is just my Case! The sad Relation revives my Grief so strongly I cannot contain. *Lucy*, bring in the Box *. O, I have lost the dearest Friend in the World! See! see the charming Creature, here lies dead! Its precious Life is gone! Oh, my dear *Chloe*! no more will thou lie hugg'd in my warm Bosom! no more will that sweet Tongue lick o'er my Face, nor that dear Mouth eat dainty Bits from mine. O, Death, what hast thou robb'd me of?

Gent. A proper Object to display your Folly. [*Aside*]

Mast. Pray, Madam, moderate your Grief; you ought to thank Heaven 'tis not your Husband.

3 *La.* Oh, what is Husband, Father, Mother, Son, to my dear, precious *Chloe*! ——— No, no, I cannot live without the Sight of his dear Image; and if you cannot make me the exact Effigy of this poor dead Creature, and cover it with his own dear Skin so nicely that it cannot be discern'd, I must never hope to see one happy Day in Life.

* Here her Maid enters and delivers a Box, from which the Lady pulls out a dead Dog, kissing it, and weeping. *Lucy* too pretends great Sorrow, but turning aside bursts out Laughing, and cries, "She little thinks I poison'd it."

Mast.

Mast. Well, Madam, be comforted, I will do it to your Satisfaction. *[Taking the Box.]*

3 *La.* Let me have one Look more. Poor Creature! O cruel Fate, that Dogs are born to die.

[Exit weeping.]

Gent. What a Scene is here! Are not the real and unavoidable Evils of Life sufficient, that People thus create themselves imaginary Woes?

Mast. These, Sir, are the Grievs of those that have no other. Did they once truly feel the real Miseries of Life, ten thousand Dogs might die without a Tear.

Enter a second Gentleman.

2 *Gent.* I want an Ivory Pocket-Book.

Mast. Do you please to have it with Directions, or without.

2 *Gent.* Directions! What, how to use it?

Mast. Yes, Sir.

2 *Gent.* I should think, every Man's own Business his best Direction.

Mast. It may so. Yet there are some general Rules, which it equally behoves every Man to be acquainted with. As for Instance: Always to make a Memorandum of the Benefits you receive from others. Always to set down the Faults or Failings, which from Time to Time you discover in yourself. And, if you remark any Thing that is ridiculous or faulty in others, let it not be with an ill-natur'd Design to hurt or expose them, at any Time, but with a *Nota Bene*, that it is only for a Caution to yourself, not to be guilty of the like. With a great many other Rules of such a Nature as makes one of my Pocket-Books both a useful Monitor and a very entertaining Companion.

2 *Gent.* And pray what's the Price of one of them?

Mast. The Price is a Guinea, Sir.

2 *Gent.* That's very dear. But, as it is a Curiosity ——— *[Pays for it, and Exit.]*

Mast. And I unmov'd can hear such senseless Ridicule, and look upon its Author with an Eye of Pity and Contempt. And I take this to be good Sense.

Beau. Pshaw, pshaw; damn'd Hypocrisy and Affectation: Nothing else, nothing else. [*Exeunt.*]

Mast. There is nothing so much my Aversion as a Coxcomb. They are a Ridicule upon human Nature, and make one almost ashamed to be of the same Species. And, for that Reason, I can't forbear affronting them whenever they fall in my way. I hope the Ladies will excuse such Behaviour in their Presence.

2 La. Indeed, Sir, I wish we had always somebody to treat them with such Behaviour in our Presence. 'Twould be much more agreeable than their Impertinence.

Enter a young Gentleman.

3 Gent. I want a plain Gold Ring, Sir, exactly this Size.

Mast. Then 'tis not for yourself, Sir.

3 Gent. No.

Mast. A Wedding-Ring, I presume.

3 Gent. No, Sir, I thank you kindly, that's a Toy I never design to play with. 'Tis the most dangerous piece of Goods in your whole Shop. People are perpetually doing themselves a Mischief with it. They hang themselves fast together first, and afterwards are ready to hang themselves separately to get loose again.

1 La. This is but the fashionable Cant. I'll be hang'd if this pretended Railer at Matrimony is not just upon the Point of making some poor Woman miserable. [*Aside.*]

3 Gent. Well——happy are we whilst we are Children; we can then lay down one Toy and take up another, and please ourselves with Variety: But growing more foolish as we grow older, there's no Toy will please us then but a Wife; and that, indeed, as it is a Toy for Life, so it is all Toys in one. She's a Rattle in a Man's Ears which he cannot throw aside: A Drum that is perpetually beating him a Point of War: A Top which he ought to whip for his Exercise, for like that she is best when

Mast.

when lash'd to sleep: A Hobby-Horse for the Booby to ride on when the Maggot takes him: A——

Maft. You may go on, Sir, in this ludicrous Strain, if you please, and fancy 'tis Wit; but, in my Opinion, a good Wife is the greatest Blessing, and the most valuable Possession, that Heaven in this Life can bestow. She makes the Cares of the World sit easy, and adds a Sweetness to its Pleasures. She is a Man's best Companion in Prosperity, and his only Friend in Adversity. The carefullest Preserver of his Health, and the kindest Attendant on his Sickness. A faithful Adviser in Distress, a Comforter in Affliction, and a prudent Manager of all his Domestick Affairs.

2 *La.* Charming Doctrine!

[*Aside.*

3 *Gent.* Well, Sir, since I find you so staunch an Advocate for Matrimony, I confess it is a Wedding-Ring I want; the Reason why I deny'd it, and of what I said in Ridicule of Marriage, was only to avoid the Ridicule which I expected from you upon it.

Maft. Why that now is just the Way of the World in every Thing, especially, amongst young People. They are asham'd to do a good Action because it is not a fashionable one, and in Compliance with Custom act contrary to their own Consciences. They displease themselves to please the Coxcombs of the World, and chuse rather to be Objects of Divine Wrath than human Ridicule.

3 *Gent.* 'Tis very true, indeed. There is not one Man in ten thousand that dare be virtuous for fear of being singular. 'Tis a Weakness which I have hitherto been too much guilty of myself; but for the future I am resolv'd upon a more steady Rule of Action.

Maft. I am very glad of it. Here's your Ring, Sir. I think it comes to about a Guinea.

3 *Gent.* There's the Money.

Maft. Sir, I wish you all the Joy that a good Wife can give you.

3 *Gent.* I thank you, Sir.

[*Exit.*

1 *La.* Well, Sir, but, after all, don't you think Marriage a Kind of a desperate Venture?

Maft.

Maft. It is a desperate Venture, Madam, to be sure. But, provided there be a tolerable Share of Sense and Discretion on the Man's part, and of Mildness and Condescension on the Woman's, there is no danger of leading as happy and as comfortable a Life in that State as in any other.

Enter a fourth Lady.

4 *La.* I want a Mask, Sir, Have you got any ?

Maft. No, Madam, I have not one indeed. The People of this Age are arriv'd to such Perfection in the Art of masking themselves, that they have no Occasion for any Foreign Disguises at all. You shall find Infidelity mask'd in a Gown and Cassock; and Wantonness and Immodesty under a blushing Countenance. Oppression is veil'd under the Name of Justice, and Fraud and Cunning under that of Wisdom. The Fool is mask'd under an affected Gravity, and the vilest Hypocrite under the greatest Professions of Sincerity. The Flatterer passes upon you under the Air of a Friend; and he that now hugs you in his Bosom, for a Shilling would cut your Throat. Calumny and Detraction impose themselves upon the World for Wit, and an eternal Laugh wou'd fain be thought Good-nature. An humble Demeanour is assum'd from a Principle of Pride, and the Wants of the Indigent relieved out of Ostentation. In short, Worthlessness and Villany are oft disguis'd and dignified in Gold and Jewels, whilst Honesty and Merit lie hid under Rags and Misery. The whole World is in a Mask, and it is impossible to see the natural Face of any one Individual.

4 *La.* That's a Mistake, Sir, you yourself are an Instance, that no Disguise will hide a Coxcomb; and so your humble Servant.

Maft. Humph! ——— Have I but just now been exclaiming against Coxcombs, and am I accused of being one myself? Well ——— we can none of us see the ridiculous Part of our own Characters. Could we but once learn to criticize ourselves; and to find out and expose in ourselves our own weak Sides, it would be the surest Means

Means to conceal them from the Criticism of others. But I would fain hope I am not a Coxcomb, methinks, whatever I am else.

Gent. I suppose you have said something which her Conscience would not suffer her to pass over without making the ungrateful Application to herself, and that as it often happens, instead of awaking in her a Sense of her Fault, has only serv'd to put her in a Passion.

Maft. May be so indeed. At least I am willing to think so.

Enter an old Man.

O. M. I want a Pair of Spectacles, Sir.

Maft. Do you please to have 'em plain Tortoise-shell, or set in Gold or Silver?

O. M. Pho! Do you think I buy Spectacles as your fine Gentlemen buy Books? If I wanted a Pair of Spectacles only to look *at*, I would have 'em fine ones: but as I want them to look *with*, do you see, I'll have 'em good ones.

Maft. Very well, Sir, Here's a Pair I'm sure will please you. Thro' these Spectacles all the Follies of Youth are seen in their true Light. Those Vices which to the strongest youthful Eyes appear in Characters scarce legible, are thro' these Glasses discern'd with the greatest Plainness. A powder'd Wig upon an empty Head, attracts no more respect thro' these Opticks than a greasy Cap; and the lac'd Coat of a Coxcomb seems altogether as contemptible as his Footman's Livery.

O. M. That indeed is showing things in their true Light.

Maft. The common Virtue of the World appears only a Cloak for Knavery; and its Friendships no more than Bargains of Self-Interest. In short, he who is now passing away his Days in a constant Round of Vanity, Folly, Intemperance, and Extravagance, when he comes seriously to look back upon his past Actions thro' these undisguising Opticks, will certainly be convinc'd, that a regular Life, spent in the Study of Truth and Virtue, and adorn'd with

Acts

Act's of Justice, Generosity, Charity, and Benevolence, would not only have afforded him more Delight and Satisfaction in the present Moment, but would likewise have rais'd to his Memory a lasting Monument of Fame and Honour.

O. M. Humph! 'Tis very true; but very odd that such serious Ware should be the Commodity of a Toy-shop. [*Aside.*] Well, Sir, and what's the Price of these extraordinary Spectacles?

Maſt. Half a Crown.

O. M. There's your Money.

[*Exit.*]

Enter a fourth young Gentleman.

4 *Gent.* I want a small Pair of Scales.

Maſt. You ſhall have them, Sir.

4 *Gent.* Are they exactly true?

Maſt. The very Emblem of Juſtice, Sir, a Hair will turn 'em. [*Ballancing the Scales.*]

4 *Gent.* I would have them true, for they muſt determine ſome very nice ſtatical Experiments

Maſt. I'll engage they ſhall juſtly determine the nicest Experiments in Staticks. I have try'd them myſelf in ſome uncommon Subjects, and have prov'd their Goodneſs. I have taken a large handful of Great Men's Promiſes, and put into one End; and lo! the Breath of a Fly in the other has kick'd up the Beam. I have ſeen four Peacock's Feathers, and the four Gold Clocks in Lord *Taydry's* Stockings, ſuſpend the Scales in Equilibrio. I have found by Experiment, that the Learning of a Beau, and the Wit of a Pedant are a juſt Counterpoize to each other. That the Pride and Vanity of any Man are in exact Proportion to his Ignorance. That a Grain of Good-nature will preponderate againſt an Ounce of Wit; a Heart full of Virtue againſt a Head full of Learning; and a Thimble-full of Contents againſt a Cheſt full of Gold.

4 *Gent.* This muſt be a very pretty Science, I fancy.

C

Maſt.

Maſt. It would be needleſs to enumerate all the Experiments that might be made in theſe Scales; but there is one which every Man ought to be appriz'd of; and that is, that a moderate Fortune, enjoy'd with Content, Freedom, and Independency, will turn the Scales againſt whatever can be put in the other End.

4 Gent. Well, this is a Branch of Staticks, which I muſt own I had but little Thoughts of entering into. However, I begin to be perſuaded, that to know the true Specifick Gravity of this Kind of Subjects, is of infinitely more Importance than that of any other Bodies in the Univerſe.

Maſt. It is indeed. And that you may not want Encouragement to proceed in ſo uſeful a Study, I will let you have the Scales for ten Shillings. If you make a right Uſe of them, they will be worth more to you than ten thouſand Pounds.

4 Gent. I confeſs I am ſtruck with the Beauty and Uſefulneſs of this Kind of moral Staticks, and believe I ſhall apply myſelf to make Experiments with great Delight. There's your Money, Sir: You ſhall hear ſhortly what Discoveries I make; in the mean Time, I am your humble Servant. [Exit,

Maſt. Sir, I am yours.

Enter a ſecond Old Man.

2 O. M. Sir, I underſtand you deal in Curioſities. Have you any Thing in your Shop, at preſent, that's pretty and curious?

Maſt. Yes, Sir, I have a great many Things. But the moſt ancient Curioſity I have got, is a ſmall Braſs Plate, on which is engrav'd the Speech which *Adam* made to his Wife, on their firſt Meeting, together with her Answer. The Characters, thro' Age, are grown unintelligible; but for that 'tis the more to be valued. What is remarkable in this ancient Piece, is, that *Eve's* Speech is about three times as long as her Husband's. I have a Ram's Horn, one of thoſe which help'd to blow down the Walls of *Jericho*. A Lock of *Sampſon's* Hair, ty'd up in a Shred of *Joſeph's* Garment.

Garment. With several other *Jewish* Antiquities, which I purchas'd of that People at a very great Price. Then I have the Tune which *Orpheus* play'd to the Devil, when he charm'd back his Wife.

Gent. That was thought to be a silly Tune, I believe, for no body has ever car'd to learn it since.

Mast. Close cork'd up in a Thumb Phial, I have some of the Tears which *Alexander* wept, because he could do no more Mischief. I have a Snuff-Box made out of the Tub in which *Diogenes* liv'd, and took Snuff at all the World. I have the Net in which *Vulcan* caught his Spouse and her Gallant; but our modern Wives are now grown so exceeding chaste, that there has not been an Opportunity of casting it these many Years.

Gent. Some would be so malicious now as instead of chaste to think he meant cunning.

[*Aside to the Ladies.*

Mast. I have the Pitch Pipe of *Gracchus* the Roman Orator, who being apt, in Dispute, to raise his Voice too high, by touching a certain soft Note in this Pipe, would regulate and keep it in a moderate Key.

2 *La.* Such a Pipe as that, if it could be heard, would be very useful in Coffee-houses, and other publick Places of Debate and modern Disputation.

Gent. Yes, Madam, and I believe many a poor Husband would be glad of such a Regulator of the Voice in his own private Family too.

Mast. There you was even with her, Sir. But the most valuable Curiosity I have, is a certain little Tube, which I call a *Distinguisher*; contriv'd with such Art, that when rightly apply'd to the Ear, it obstructs all Falshood, Nonsense, and Absurdity, from striking upon the Tympanum: Nothing but Truth and Reason can make the least Impression upon the Auditory Nerves. I have sat in a Coffee-house sometimes, for the Space of half an Hour, and amongst what is generally call'd the best Company, without hearing a single Word. At a Dispute too, when I could perceive by the eager Motions of both Parties, that they made the greatest Noise, I have enjoy'd the most profound

profound Silence. It is a very useful Thing to have about one, either at Church, Play-house, or *Westminster-Hall*; at all which Places a vast Variety both of useful and diverting Experiments may be made with it. The only Inconvenience attending it is, that no Man can make himself a compleat Master of it under twenty Years close and diligent Practice: And that Term of Time is best commenc'd at Ten or Twelve Years old.

Gent. That indeed is an Inconvenience that will make it not every Body's Money. But one would think those Parents who see the Beauty and the usefulness of Knowledge, Virtue, and a distinguishing Judgment, should take particular Care to engage their Children early in the Use and Practice of such a *Distinguisher*; whilst they have Time before them, and no other Concerns to interrupt their Application.

Maſt. Some few do. But the Generality are so entirely taken up with the Care of little Master's Complexion, his Dress, his Dancing, and such like Effeminacies, that they have not the least Regard for any internal Accomplishments whatsoever. And are so far from teaching him to subdue his Passions, that they make it their whole Business to gratify them all.

2 O. M. Well, Sir, to some People these may be thought curious Things, perhaps, and a very valuable Collection. But, to confess the Truth, these are not the Sort of curious Things I wanted. Have you no little Box, representing a wounded Heart, on the Inside the Lid? Nor a pretty Ring with an amorous Poesy? Nothing of that Sort, which is pretty and not common in your Shop.

Maſt. O yes, Sir, I have a very pretty Snuff-Box here, on the Inside of the Lid, do ye see, is a Man of Threescore and Ten acting the Lover, and hunting like a Boy after Gewgaws and Trifles, to please a Girl with.

2 O. M. Meaning me, Sir? Do you banter me, Sir?

Maſt. If you take it to your self, Sir, I can't help it.

2 O. M. And is a Person of my Years and Gravity to be laugh'd at then?

Maſt.

Maft. Why, really, Sir, Years and Gravity do make such Childishnefs very ridiculous, I can't help owning. However, I am very forry I have none of thofe curious Trifles for your Diversion, but I have delicate Hobby-Horfes and Rattles if you please.

2 *O. M.* By all the Charms of *Araminta*, I will revenge this Affront. [Exit.

Gent. Ha, ha, ha! how contemptible is Rage and Impotence! but pray, Sir, don't you think this kind of Freedom with your Customers detrimental to your Trade?

Maft. No, no, Sir, the odd Character I have acquir'd by this rough kind of Sincerity and plain Dealing, together with the whimfical Humour of moralizing upon every Trifle I fell, are the Things, which by raifing Peoples Curiofity, furnifh me with all my Customers: And it is only Fools and Coxcombs I am fo free with.

1 *La.* And in my Opinion you are in the Right of it. Folly and Impertinence ought always to be the Objects of Satire and Ridicule.

Gent. Nay, upon fecond Thoughts, I don't know but this odd Turn of Mind, which you have given yourfelf, may not only be entertaining to feveral of your Customers, but, perhaps, very much to yourfelf.

Maft. Vaftly fo Sir. It very often helps me to Speculations infinitely agreeable. I can fit behind this Counter, and fancy my little Shop, and the Tranfactions of it, an agreeable Representation of the grand Theater of the World. When I fee a Fool come in here, and throw away 50 or a 100 Guineas for a Trifle that is not really worth a Shilling, I am fometimes surpriz'd: But when I look out into the World, and fee Lordfhips and Manors barter'd away for gilt Coaches and Equipage; an Eftate for a Title; and an eafy Freedom in Retirement for a fervile Attendance in a Crowd; when I fee Health with great Eagernes exchange'd for Difeaſes, and Happinefs for a Game at Hazard; my Wonder ceafes. Surely the World is a great Toy-shop, and all its Inhabitants run mad for Rattles. Nay, even the very wifeft of us, however, we may flatter ourfelves, have ſome Failing or Weaknefs, ſome Toy or Trifle, that we are ridiculouslly fond of. Yet, fo very

Maft.

very partial are we to our own dear selves, that we overlook those Miscarriages in our own Conduct, which we loudly exclaim against in that of others; and, tho' the same Fool's Turbant fits us all.

*You say that I, I say that you are He,
And each Man swears, " The Cap's not made for me.*

Gent. Ha, ha! 'Tis very true, indeed. But I imagine, you now begin to think it Time to shut up Shop. Ladies, do you want any Thing else?

La. No I think not. If you please to put up that Looking-glass, and the Perspective, I will pay you for them.

Gent. Well, Madam, how do you like this whimsical Humourist?

La. Why, really, in my Opinion, the Man's as great a Curiosity himself, as any Thing he has got in his Shop.

Gent. He is so indeed. I think we have heard a great deal of Folly very justly ridicul'd.

*In this gay thoughtless Age He's found a Way,
In trifling Things just Morals to convey.
'Tis his at once to please and to reform,
And give old Satire a new Pow'r to charm.
And, would you guide your Lives and Actions right,
Think on the Maxims you have heard To-night.*



BEAUTY.



BEAUTY:

OR, THE

ART of CHARMING.



WHAT gives the Maiden Blush its loveliest
Dye,
Charms in a Smile, or wounds us from
an Eye,
The Muse shall sing. Attend, and learn
ye Fair,
The Heart of Man resistless to ensnare.

O HARTFORD! born with every Female Charm,
The Eye to ravish, or the Heart to warm :
Fair in thy Form, still fairer in thy Mind ;
With Beauty Wisdom ; Sense with Sweetness join'd :
Great without Pride, and lovely without Art,
Your looks Good-nature, Words Good-sense impart.
Thus form'd to charm, O deign to hear the Song,
Whose best, whose sweetest Strains to you belong.

Beauty !

Beauty! thou sweet Reformer of Mankind
 Polish'd by thee the Clown becomes refin'd;
 The Haughty humble, and the Rude well-bred,
 The Tim'rous valiant, and the Bold afraid.
 Chear'd by thy Smiles the Wretch forgets his Woe,
 And from thy Frowns our tenderest Sorrows flow.
 Aw'd in thy Presence Fops and Smarts forbear,
 With Jest obscene to wound the modest Ear.
 For thee the Warrior bears the rough Campaign,
 Nor knows to tremble but at thy Disdain.
 Inspir'd by thee our latent Worth appears,
 A brave Ambition fires our early Years
 To rise in Merit, or polite to shine,
 And all our greatest, worthiest Deeds are Thine.

What is this Beauty? What this won'drous Pow'r,
 Which all Mankind in various Forms adore?
 Love sure an Image paints in every Breast,
 And each pursues the Picture there express'd.
 The Fair, the Black, the Brown, all have their Charm,
 Their different Beauties different Bosoms warm.
 Where lies this Charm? — Alas not in the Skin;
 The Life of Beauty rises from within;
 Flows from the Soul, and animates the Breast,
 In Words and Actions, Looks and Smiles express'd.

What gives *Ardelia* that resistless Grace?
 Nor Rose nor Lilly's Bloom adorns her Face,
 True; but who sees her smiles, or hear her speak,
 Finds there are Charms that dwell not in the Cheek.
 While see *Lavinia*; there the sparkling Eye,
 The Rose and Lilly in their fairest Dye,
 With all the Charms of Face and Shape unite,
 In vain her Affectation spoils them quite:
 And who but sees or hears her one half Hour,
 Finds Red and White are but of feeble Power.

Learn then this Truth of Consequence to know,
 Good Sense will give the homeliest Face to glow;

To glow with Charms intrinsically bright,
 Fair to the Mind, tho' homely to the Sight.
 Without it *Chloe's* Lip, young *Flora's* Cheek,
 And *Celia's* Eye, in vain Admirers seek:
 Without it fair *Calista* long has mourn'd
 A Maid, still wond'ring why her Charms are scorn'd.
 Whence but from want of This to guide aright,
 So many Shock us, aiming to delight.
Titteria thinks to laugh's a Sign of Wit,
 Hence every Word is follow'd by a Fit:
 Her Face, in which some Charms might else be seen,
 Is constantly distorted with a Grin.

This Indecorum sage *Prudera* sees,
 And strives with stiffen'd Gravity to please.
 In mimic Modesty demure she stands,
 Her Apron-strings support her folded Hands.
 Nor Smile, nor Frown her equal Visage wears,
 Affectedly unmov'd with all she hears,
 The fond *Pignation* who makes her his Wife,
 Must beg the Gods to give his Statue Life.

But see *Flirtilla*; pretty little Thing!
 Always in Action; flutter, dance, and sing,
 Laugh, ogle, smile, and bow, and prate, and tease;
 Poor little Poppet how it strives to please!

And fine *Emilia* too; so fair her Form,
 That all she says, and all she does must Charm;
 And one would think so: But so nice her Care
 To speak, to move, with a peculiar Air;
 So soft, so languishing, so neat, so prim,
 The pretty Fool is seen in every Limb.

But shun Extremes. *Blowzella* wants no Charm
 Of Wit, or Face, the Heart of Man to warm.
 But she's so over-free, so over-plain,
 So unpolite, so awkward, so ungain,
 So much above all Thought or Care of Dress,
 So much a Blowze, so very much a *Bess*,

That did not *William* follow when she goes,
The World might think my Lady *William's* Spouse.

Some hope to charm (forbear the vain Pretence)
With Learning, Wit, and more than common Sense.
Deep read in Mystery and holy Writ,
They dearly love to pose a poor Man's Wit:
Question on Question wildly they propound,
Till, with the World, their Giddy Heads turn round.
Study Sir *Isaac* at the Pastry School,
And make Mince-Pies by Mathematick Rule.
Know every Art, and every Science teach,
Of nothing ignorant——but how to Stitch.

Forgive the Muse, who owns the Female Mind
Is doubly fair with Knowledge when refin'd ;
Doubly engaging to a Man of Sense ;
She only bids——beware the false Pretence.

But various Passions Female Minds engage,
Some, scorning These, a War with Learning wage :
A modish Ignorance with Pride confess,
And hate all Arts but the Dear Art of Dress.
Their hopes to charm in Paint and Powder lie,
In Gold, in Diamonds, and Embroidery.
Before the Toilet sit from Morn to Night,
Then rise from *Betty's* Hands divinely Bright.
Ah learn, ye Fair, your native Charms to prize !
The more you dress, you but the more disguise:
Leave to the Beaus your pretty prinking Art,
Of late so zealous to usurp the Part.

Thus far the Muse unwilling has pursu'd
A Task ungrateful, but of general Good.
Just touch'd your Foibles with a gentle Hand,
Too kind to lash, too young to reprimand:
Blam'd your wrong Conduct only to excite
To what is really charming, virtuous, right.

But is your Art, sage Master, only taught
 From the false Conduct, and the vicious Draught?
 Are just Examples in this Age so rare,
 As none are found that might engage the Fair?
 O yes! from these the Muse her Precepts draws,
 Her Art she borrows hence, and hence her Laws.
 Turn then, ye Fair, from Pictures you despise
 And here with Emulation fix your Eyes.

See lovely S—ym—r, charming to the Sight,
 Her Face. and Shape, her Smile Mankind's Delight.
 But tho' adorn'd with each external Grace,
 Soft blooming Beauty blushing in her Face;
 Tho' all the Graces sparkle in her Eyes;
 Tho' Love in Ambush on her Bosom lies;
 Yet these not half her charms; her snowy Breast
 Is doubly fair, fair Virtue is its Guest.
 Good-nature gives her Eyes to shine more bright,
 The sweet Complexion of her Soul is white;
 While with chaste Innocence, and Peace serene,
 And all her Charms are heighten'd from within.

See beatuous Sh—ts—ry, eminently bright,
 At once our Admiration and Delight.
 An easy Smile adorns her lovely Mien;
 Gay sparkling Beauty in her Eyes is seen.
 But search within: Their Charm they borrow thence
 Good-nature forms the Smile, the Look Good-sense.

With Kapture see all Nature's Graces meet,
 In R—bm—d's beauteous Frame and Shine compleat.
 Refin'd from Heaven with all that's fair and good;
 And warm'd with all the Charms of Flesh and Blood;
 Such melting Sweetness, such a Heaven of Love
 Again might tempt, but ne'er would yeild to Jove.

But see, superior to the finest Pen,
 Q—sb—ry, the Darling of the Gods and Men.

So fair her Mind, her Angel Form so bright,
 'Tis hard to say which gives us most delight :
 Each heightens each ; in both th' engaging Power
 So sweetly mixt, that neither can have more.

But These inimitable ; here you view
 Th' united Force of Sense and Beauty too ;
 Divine Conjunction ! and supream in each,
 All may admire, but few can hope to reach.

And thus the Charms of Feature when combin'd
 With Virtue, Sense, and Beauties of the Mind,
 Are lovely then indeed we must confess,
 But 'tis to these they owe their Loveliness :
 And these our Art wou'd teach : If blest with these,
 Or Fair, or Brown, you all have Charms to please.

Has Heaven then to your Form not been so kind,
 Mourn not the Loss ; adorn yourself with Mind.
 From thence a Source of various Charms shall rise,
 More amiable than Lips, or Cheeks, or Eyes.
 What is the blooming Tincture of the Skin,
 To Peace of Mind ? To Harmony within ?
 What the bright Sparkling of the finest Eye,
 To the soft Soothing of a calm Reply ?
 Can Comeliness of Form, or Shape, or Air,
 With Comeliness of Words and Deeds compare ?
 No : Those at first th' unwary Heart may gain,
 But These, These only can that Heart retain.

Florella, blest with every outward Grace,
 Shape, Air, Complexion, and a Beauteous Face,
 Had long imperial Tyranny maintain'd
 O'er gentle *Damon*, and his Suit disdain'd.
 Vain of her Charms she thought his Heart her own,
 Thought Life and Death was in her Smile or Frown ;
 And oft when tenderest Words told how he lov'd,
 The fair Coquet was but with Laughter mov'd ;
 Thought his fond Sighs the Tribute of her Beauty,
 And all his Love no more than just his Duty.

Nor car'd to Please, nor sought to heal his Smart,
Fond of the Power to tantalize his Heart.

O what the Pangs which slighted Lovers feel,
Those who have felt them only can reveal !
Damon, unable to conceal his Grief,
In Silence and Retirement sought Relief.
Convers'd no more ; refus'd or Food or Rest,
The soft Disease still growing in his Breast.
What shall he do ? The vain imperious Fair,
Nor hears his Love, nor feels his tender Care.
Regardless of his Woe, new Vows receives,
Proud of the Pleasure, and the Pain she gives.

One Day all pensive leaning on his Arm,
In Fancy fondly viewing every Charm,
Appears a Sister of the Lovely Dame,
His bosom Friend, *Carissa* was her Name.
Carissa, neither blest with Charms of Face,
Nor Shape, nor Air, nor any outward Grace ;
Yet shines a Beauty purely from within,
There are the Loves, and there the Graces seen.
Mild as the gentle Breath of blooming *May*,
Sweet as its Flowers, and chearful as its Day.
Yet soft Compassion oft bedew'd her Eyes,
Her Breast at others Grief would heave with Sighs,
No envious Passions mov'd her Hate or Spleen,
Her heart was friendly, and her Soul serene.
Pleas'd in herself, she seem'd no Care to know,
But the soft Pain of pitying others Woe.

To her, his well-known Friend, the Youth address'd,
Told all his Grief, his tender Flame confess'd ;
Begg'd her Assistance powerful to persuade,
And move to pity the relentless Maid.
Griev'd with his Grief, the tender Fair comply'd,
A thousand ways to gain her Sister try'd ;
Now urg'd his Worth, and now his Wealth to move,
But more than all the rest his tender Love.

In vain ; the fluttering Beauty still denies,
Nor hears *Carissa's* Words, nor *Damon's* Sighs.

This when she told, transfix'd with Grief he stood,
The silent Tears run down a Trickling Flood.
Health, Strength, and Beauty, leave his manly Frame,
And ghastly Sickness, pale and meagre came.
A real Fever now his Veins possess,
And deeper Anguish seiz'd upon his Breast.
Touch'd to the Soul, *Carissa*, tender Maid,
All Means of Comfort and Relief essay'd.
Now feeds with flattering Hopes of kind Return,
Now fortifies his Mind against her Scorn ;
Prepares his Medicines, or directs his Food,
With all the Friendly Offices of Good.

Long time he languish'd, but to ease her Toil,
Returning Health at length began to Smile ;
And with his Health his Reason too return'd,
No more his Breast for vain *Florella* burn'd.
His eyes now open, from blind Passion clear,
The Beauties of *Carissa* all appear ;
Fair to the Mind agreeable to Sight,
Love, Reason, Virtue, in her Cause unite.

With secret Pleasure she perceiv'd the Change,
Yet such her Modesty, she thought it strange :
Unconscious of the Beauties of her Soul,
She fear'd *Florella's* Eyes might still controul.
When thus young *Damon*. — “ O thou lovely Fair !
“ Hear now my Love, and now my Reason hear ;
“ Where has that Love, and where that Reason been,
“ That thy fair Charms till now were never seen ?
“ Strange Blindness ! Folly ! — O believe it true,
“ What Beauty was till now I never knew,
“ Nor what was Love. 'Twas Madness all-engraging,
“ A Mutiny of wild Desires engaging.
“ Here 'tis soft Peace, and mutual Joy sincere,
“ Here every Word and every Look endear :

“ Beauty,

" Beauty, is Harmony in Deed and Thought;
 " And Love, true Friendship to perfection brought.
 " Come then, my Fair, these tender Vows receive,
 " Forget my Folly, and my Love believe:
 " Blest in thy Arms my future Days I'll spend,
 " Thy Husband, Guardian, Comforter, and Friend.

With blushing Sweetness she receiv'd a Kiss,
 Believ'd his Vows, nor long delay'd his Bliss.

F I N I S.



" Beauty,

1813
The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been admitted to the office of the Secretary of the Board of the City of New York, since the first of January, 1813, to the first of January, 1814.



21713

